

CAROLINA SPARTAN

BY CAVIS & TRIMMER.

Devoted to Southern Rights, Politics, Agriculture, and Miscellany.

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THE CAROLINA SPARTAN.

BY CAVIS & TRIMMER.

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CAROLINA SPARTAN.

An Episode of City Life.—Nothing to Wear.

FROM HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Miss Flora McPherson, of Madison Square, has made three separate journeys to Paris.

And her father assures me each time she was there that she and her friend Miss Harry (a history, but plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery) spent six consecutive weeks without stopping, in one continuous round of shopping.

Shopping alone and shopping together.

At all hours of the day and in all sorts of weather.

For all manner of things that a woman can put on the crown of her head or the sole of her foot.

Or wrap round her shoulders or fit round her waist.

Or that can be sewed on or pinned on or laced, or tied on with a string or slipped on with a bow.

In front or behind, above or below.

For bonnets, mantles, capes, collars, and shawls.

Dresses for breakfasts and dinners, and balls.

Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in.

Dresses to dance in, and sit in, and walk in.

Dresses in which to do nothing at all.

All of them different in color and pattern.

Silk, muslin and lace, crepe, velvet, and satin.

Broad and broadcloth, and other material.

Cette as expensive and much more clerical.

In short, things that could ever be thought of, or made, or modeled, or treasured up, or bought, or from the hands of the Parisian dress-makers.

In all quarters of Paris and to every store.

While Miss McPherson in Paris, Scotland, and France.

They liked the streets and the footed the hills.

The last trip their goods, shipped by the steamer.

Arrived.

For Miss McPherson declares, the bulk of her cargo, not to mention a quantity kept from the rest.

She did not spend a day on the ship's manifest.

But she did spend a day in the Parisian dress-makers.

Such particular interest that she invested.

That her proper persons in layers and rows.

Of muslins, embezzled, worked and finished.

Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarves, and such it flows.

Then, wrapped in great bales, like Cossack baggage.

Gave up by the ship and got to the date.

Her relations had no time to greet her, for she had no time to greet them.

Miss Flora had no time to greet them.

But she did spend a day in the Parisian dress-makers.

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The fair Flora looked up with a blush at her father's gaze.

"What a fine dress!" she said, "I like it very much."

"I like it above all things to go with you there."

"But really and truly I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear?" Go just as you are.

"Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be far better."

"The dress is not bright and particular."

"On the whole, however," I stopped, for her eye.

"Notwithstanding this dress is a most terrible beauty."

"Open on the outside a most terrible beauty."

"Open on the inside a most terrible beauty."

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The consequence was that when she got there.

At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear."

"And when she proposed to finish the dress."

At Newport, the matter was not to be done.

For his husband's conduct was no reason.

Except that the waters were good for her health.

Such treatment as this was too much for her.

And proceedings are now going on in divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain.

From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain.

Has been here declared to be the city.

Of every benevolent heart in the city.

And upon its humanity to a center.

To comfort and relieve these, and cases instantly.

Won't somebody, moved by this touching description.

Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?

Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that it is so needed.

As needed as the water of life, give us a list.

Take charge of the matter? Won't Peter Cooper.

The corner stone of some splendid super.

Structure, like that which will link the name.

In the annals of honor and fame.

Let us have a new church just for the cause.

Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear.

Which in view of the case, which would daily be.

The laying-out hospital well might be named.

St. Stewart or some of our dry goods importers.

Take a contract for clothing our wives and our.

Or to furnish the cash to supply these distresses.

And life's pathway strewn with shawls, collars, and.

dress?

Ever the want of them makes it much rougher and.

thinner.

Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day.

Please trouble your heads just out of Broadway.

From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride.

And temples of trade which tower on each side.

To the alleys and lanes where misfortune and guilt.

And the children have gathered, their city have built.

Have hunger and vice, like the twin daughters of woe.

Raise their head and their hands in despair.

Raise the high dainty dress and the fine brocaded skirt.

Pick your delicate way through the dampness and.

Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stairs.

To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old.

Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched on the floor.

See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet.

All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street.

Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans.

And the cry of the dying creature who writhes on the floor.

Here I tapped out something, perhaps rather rash.

Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression.

More striking than classic, it "settled my hash."

And proved very soon the last of our session.

"Fiddlers, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling.

Doesn't crack and crush you—oh, you men have.

no feeling."

You selfish, unnatural, illiterate creatures.

Who set yourselves up as pattern and preachers.

Your silly pretences—why what a mere guess it is!

Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities.

I have you and shown you I've nothing to.

wear."

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care.

But you do not believe me!" (there she was.

still higher.)

I suppose if you dated you would call me a liar.

Oh, daughters of Eve! such virgins, I believe.

You're a brand and a measure, and I don't know.

what you are."

I might as well control the world, Hottentots.

Pack-poles and cannibals, lacer and die."

As she said, she was right, for she was right.

But this only proved as quick to the powder.

And the storm I had raised came faster and hotter.

It blew and it rained, it thundered, it lightened, and.

it rained.

Interposed, yells, screams, till language quite.

failed.

To express the abusive, and then its arena.

Were brought up at once by a torrent of tears.

And my last fainting attempt at an ob-

literation was lost in the tempest of sob.

Well, I felt for the lady, and for my last too.

Impressed on the crown of the latter a motto.

In her own words, "I am a woman."

Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would.

say.

And then, going through the form of a bow.

Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how.

On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and.

at home, up stairs, in my own